

The interview

Ushered by the secretary, Lexi entered the office. Her heart started racing when she saw **Bang Si Hyuk** seated at the other end of the conference table. She greeted the president with a bow once she was inside the room and locked the door behind her.

"Annyeonghaseyo Sajang-nim. My name is Alexandra Martinez, I was asked to meet you today regarding the file I have submitted" she politely bowed once more.

"Welcome Miss Martinez, take a seat" he gestured her to sit beside him.

"I must admit, your letter of motivation was very appealing. And judging from the excerpt you presented us with, I feel that you'd be an asset to our company, especially if we were to present a female solo act in the future" he immediately engaged in the conversation *"However, my presence today was set solely to be acquainted with you. Your profiling, on the other hand, will be lead by a second party whom I shared your work with. I trust that he will be more qualified to evaluate you and eventually come up with a final decision. Keep in mind that although I am eager to welcome you amongst us, he will have the last say in the matter. I hope you will play your cards right"*.

"Yes, Sajang-nim. For granting me the opportunity to be here today, Kamsahamnida" she gratefully replied.

As their conversation came to an end, the door knob turned and a tall man with a silver gray hair greeted the present people while making his way to the room.

"Namjoonah, meet our potential new lyricist" the CEO announced, anticipating the interview outcome in advance.

Lexi stared bluntly at the idol. It was one thing to be called for a meeting by one of her two favorite companies, but to actually be in the same room with one of the most influential rappers in the industry, and even better, be interviewed by him was something she wouldn't dream of seeing it happen, not in a million years.

"Hello, I am Alexandra Martinez" she addressed him as she got up from her chair *"But you can call me Lexi"*.

"Hello Alexandra, I'm Kim Namjoon" he greeted her back and motioned her to regain her seat.

“Well then, I will leave you to it. I have other meetings to attend to” the CEO stated before heading out of the room.

Kim Namjoon AKA RM was the first idol trainee to join **BIGHIT Entertainment** and he is currently the leader of BTS, a famous Kpop boy group. Admiring his leadership skills and his eye for profound music, the CEO would often seek his advice when making grand decisions.

“Do you have more work to share with us, Alexandra?” Namjoon initiated the interview.

Lexi reached out for her journal, and put it in front of him “This is everything I have written so far”.

The gray binder was heavy. She was about to slide it towards the idol when he stopped her with a motion.

“I want you to show me your most soulful script” he requested, his eyes fixated on her figure seated before him.

Without hesitation, she opened her binder and started going through the pages eyeing her target. She bookmarked the draft she decided upon and put it in front of him. The title caught his attention, and as he read between the lines, his face mimed his thoughts despite him trying his best to remain neutral.

“Interesting. Aside from the concept you obviously comply with, according to you, what’s your writing signature?” he asked, intimidating her with his constant glares.

“Metaphor and wordplay” she declared “It is not my forte yet, but I am trying my best to adopt it in my texts”.

“Can you give me an example?” he inquired with a glimmer in his eye.

“I’ve been living the life of a Harlequin. Mad clown, I’m Lucy, Satan is nothing but a charlatan” she recited in a timid rapping style.

“One last thing before we conclude our meeting” he said while observing the first draft he had in front of him “I want to read something of yours that holds a deep meaning”.

She instructed him to turn a few pages before he found the text. As he read it, he came across a special paragraph: some words were styled in bold, and the content displayed what seemed to be an answer to a concealed question.

“No you’re not a **joke**; I got caught up in the **rush**
Throw away the pain, don’t think about it **too much**
We may **drift** apart at times, but **I believe** we’ll find each other
Something tells me my **life’s** with you and with no other
Do you feel it ? as I **awaken**, you’re my **voice** of reason
I’m not Wifey material yet, but I promise to be decent
Thinking about you causes my head to spin in never ending whirls
Where U at boy, am I still your **favorite girl?**”

The words in question represented the song titles of some of his mixtapes, old and new. Even though he was pleased to see a glimpse of his work revealed through her lines, he pulled his best poker face, showing disinterest.

“This would be all, Miss Martinez. As much as I enjoyed reading your work, I have got to say, you have a long way before you could attain your full potential as a lyricist. Whilst full of emotions, your lines are ambiguous. Writing a song is about telling a story, and a story must be illustrated fluently while linking verses. I am not saying you’re not doing it right, but I would prefer if you could do it better”.

Upon hearing his words, Lexi understood what seemed to be a rejection. She nodded and stood up, thanking the rapper for sparing his valuable time to sit with her and read her work. As she prepared to leave, she was met with him midway as he blocked her path.

“Patience is key. You cannot reach perfection, you will never reach perfection; but I can train you and help you build your way to accomplish near-perfection” he put out his hand and continued “Alexandra, welcome to **BIGHIT Entertainment**”.